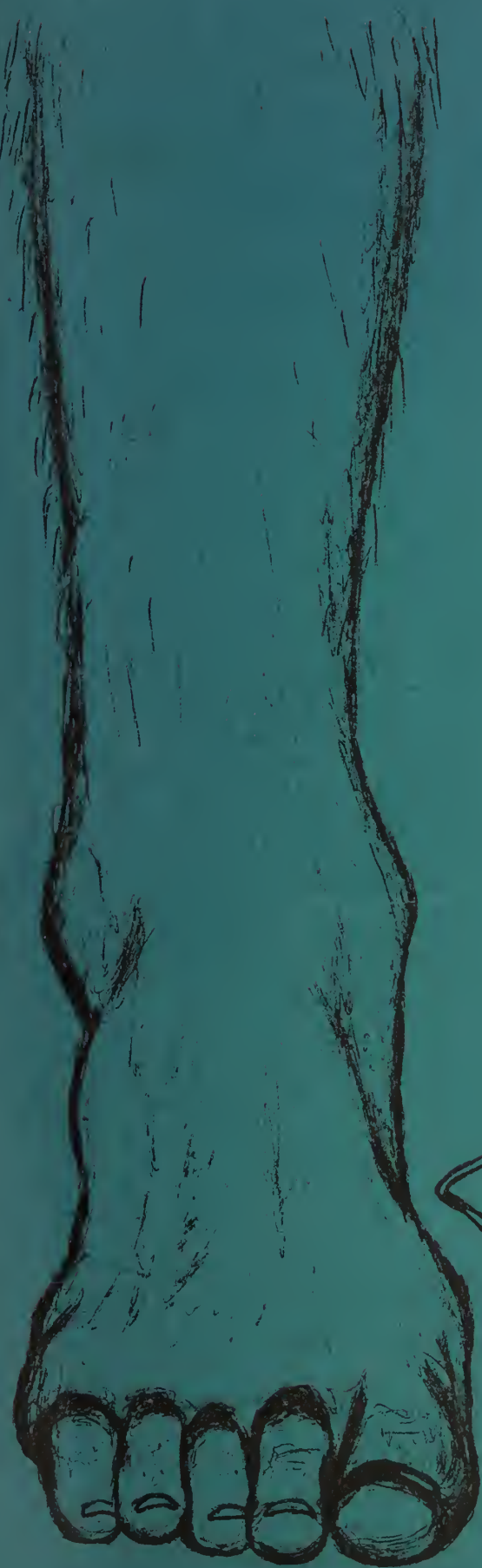


SEFER



SEFER

a literary magazine
presented by the
Baptist College at Charleston



spring 1973
volume 3 number 1

Jan Utsey

Editor

Andy Menger

Assistant Editor

Lyn Simmons

Business Manager

Richard Summey

Public Relations

Dr. George Niketas

Faculty Advisor

© January 1973

All rights reserved. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission from the publisher.

THE SEFER LITERARY MAGAZINE
c/o Baptist College at Charleston
Campus Post Office Box 78
Charleston, South Carolina 29411

CONTENTS

What of the Sea. . .	Anonymous	5
Perpetual Fainting of Parts. . .	Anonymous	6
Cape Cod	Anonymous	6
The Girl With the Cantaloupe Hair	Connie Stearman	8
The Monk	Carolyn V. Smith	11
rmr—The Second Time Around	T. J.	12
A Summer of Grass	Connie Stearman	14
Whispering Wizard	Jack White	17
My Epitaph Should Read. . .	T. J.	18
Friday Night at the Fights. . .	T. J.	19
Juballa	Michael Rivers	21
Heritage	Michael Rivers	21
Sojourn	Mick Harper	22
The Races	Philip Garges	23
Never Before. . .	T. J.	25
Faces	Michael Rivers	26



What of the Sea,
Of the Sky, of the Plea?
Live in this life,
Radiate in the darkness.
Contemplate the possibilities
Infinite . . .

Anonymous



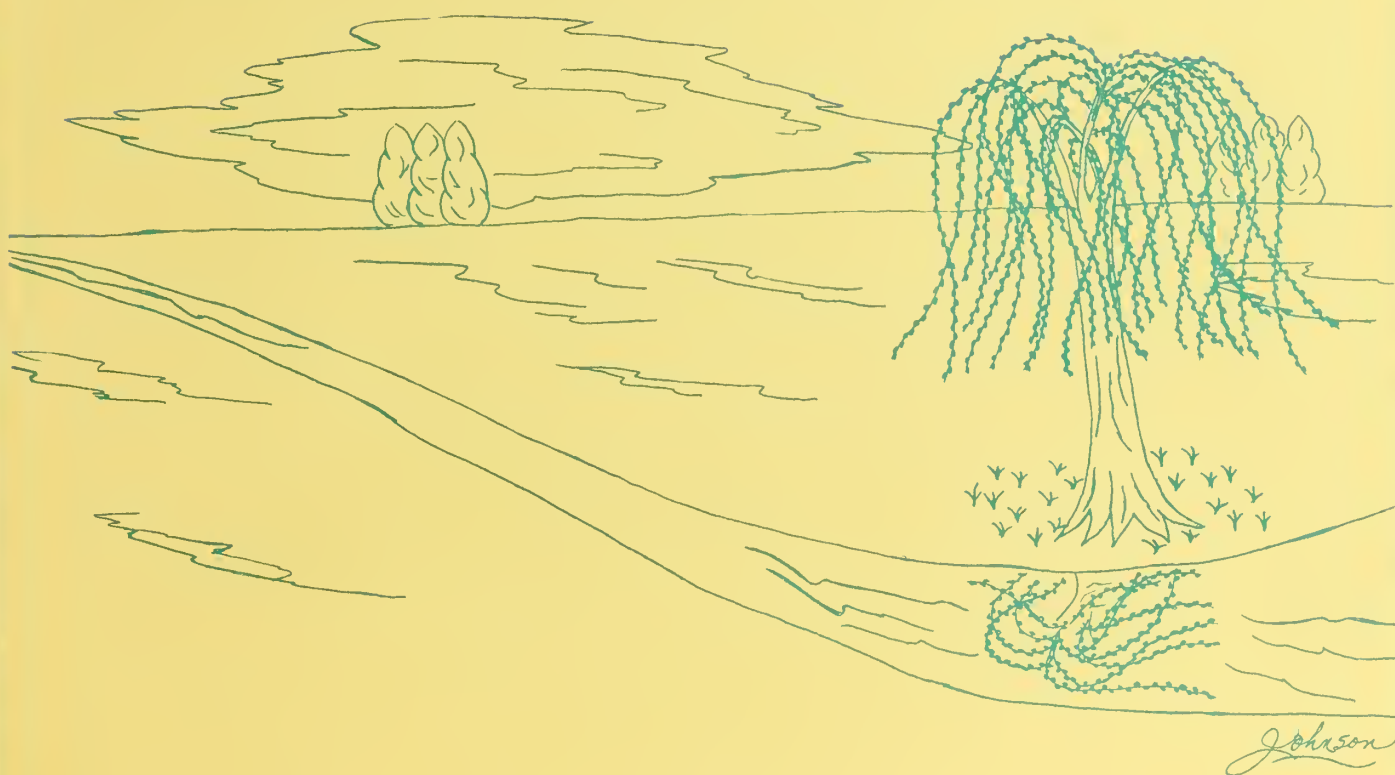
Perpetual fainting of parts
Little pin pricks and dizziness on
 tips of fingers
A vague nausea that tastes good
Running a race from your taste
 buds to your thighs
The ambiguity of an unexpected
 necessary rainfall
To love.

Anonymous

Cape Cod

A line for every joy
 A line for every tear
Marked faces are beautiful
 relief maps
Is America anti – life
 because anti – wrinkle?

Anonymous



The Girl With The Cantaloupe Hair

She moves to sit up and her ripe cantaloupe hair swings free, catches the early sunlight that is deflected by the cracked window beside the bed. Though he's still asleep, she tugs on the sheet, covering her bare breasts, but the expression that lingers on her face remains naked.

For a while she watches the shaft of sunlight (from eight till nine the apartment is so favored) and maybe today when the sun moves on, so will she.

She watches him sleep. He is sprawled on his stomach, arms wound around the pillow, face turned toward her and his breath is so slight she has to look closely to see the slow rise and fall of his back. She wants to touch the splatters of brown freckles across his shoulders, but doesn't and it is just as well. For suddenly his eyes are open. That's the way he always wakes. It is one of the things that disturb her. She turns her face away and when the ancient springs complain- -he is reaching for her- -she slides quickly out of bed.

They dress, and wash, and over breakfast of corn flakes and coffee, he talks. But she who says little lately, says even less this morning. He overlooks her reserve and, really, she's not surprised. She's long familiar with his ways.

She leaves the clean dishes draining on a towel spread over the lumpy counter and moves across the room to make the bed. He is slumped in the arm chair, watching, smiling in the way that makes her uneasy more and more often. As she picks up her hair brush, he comes to stand beside her, buries his face in her hair. He tells her he loves her hair; she once heard him insist to a friend that she dyes it. When he moves away her hand pulls on the brush with choppy, short strokes.

It's Saturday. She'd like to go to the zoo. She gets an almost child-like pleasure from watching the animals. But he'd laugh at that. So the reasons she gives are offhand- -it's free, it's close by, and they need fresh air after classes all week. He always has to have reasons. Always. For all things irrelevant.

Today he has some work- -a paper to finish for political science. So, he says, why not stay here?

Here is the one dreary room with a bath, and the steam heat that is murder on her sinuses, and the cracked window with its view of the used car lot next door. And his posters of Robert Kennedy and Martin King that she tries not to look at when getting up or her depression, she's learned, will last all morning. She told him about the posters. He said she should be ashamed for wanting to forget. And the posters stayed on the wall. They don't depress him.

So she tried to put something of herself into the apartment. While he showered one evening she hung the framed art print above the chair, covered the chipped linoleum by the bed with the blue throw rug. She arranged the big, floppy paper daisies in a pottery vase and set them on the dresser. Hearing the faucets squeak off, she ran the last of the tepid water into the sink to wash the dishes. The bathroom door opened but the silence ran on so long her expectant smile faded back into nothing. And she knew she'd done it again. What did he want? What didn't he want of her?

"Take it all back," he said. "This place isn't worth fixing up and besides I can't stand phoney flowers." He'd already stepped on the rug with his wet feet.

The next day he got another poster, Eldridge Cleaver, and tacked it to the wall above the chair.

Now the sun has passed the window and she knows she should leave alone. But his timing is perfect. Uncanny. The air might help his headache, he says. He has no headache and they both know it; his eyes dare her to challenge. Her disappointment though is too sudden and too bitter and she doesn't like to argue. He is satisfied, leads the way down the dingy hall. They pass the storage room where the Cezanne and the paper daisies still in the vase and the blue rug wait with her packed suitcase and her books. He hasn't noticed her books are missing from the apartment. He has so many of his own.

He drives to the zoo much too fast. And, once there, he steps from the car and strides up the path so she has to run to catch up. She hates herself for doing it. But she has been disassembled. (What moves you, pretty girl? What makes you get up the morning, and go to bed at night, and make love to me? What makes you tick-tock?) Done with his prodding and prying and rummaging, he put her back together. Slap dash. As if her mind were an autopsy case ready for cremation anyway, so why bother. And in the process something was not replaced. He holds it still; she is incomplete away from his side. So she runs to catch up.

They stop to watch the polar bears and a little boy who has remarkable aim. The girl leans on the rail, smiling, for a while forgetting till the greediest bear catches the last peanut and the boy walks away. The bear resumes his shuffle-pacing of the grotto.

The young man's arm moves round her shoulders. Marry me, he says. He is still that much old fashioned.

The path is crowded with the early spring people and a group of young girls swing by, eying the man beside her. She angles from the path, climbs a gentle, sloping hill to claim an empty bench under a maple tree. He sits close beside her as if he knows touching will make whatever it is she's about to do harder.

In her mind she sifts words, cautiously, for his favorite labels, the ones he's found most effective, are "theatrical" and "hypersensitive." Still, even to her, the odd vacuum seems something to discuss with an analyst. She looks at him. His eyes have wandered, following the girls who are passing by now, near, and giggling. She feels nothing. He looks back at her, smiles, tangles one hand in her hair.

"I'm leaving," she says.

His smile doesn't waver and she understands now he's been expecting this. The hand leaves her hair to trail slowly down her bare arm. Crawly goosebumps erupt beneath his fingers. He shakes his head.

"That's not love," she says. "Not any more." (She too is old fashioned.) He says it will do, that he wants her to marry him.

That he wants her yet seems incredible. She doesn't bother to answer, starts for the path. They walk in silence and walk still more. He is growing restless. He picks a blade of grass, knaws it, throws it away, stuffs his hands into his pockets. In a moment he will say he's ready to go. But she's still waiting for a sign. A blazing light maybe. Maybe a dull, final thud.

The mall of the Feline House is cool and almost empty. The big cats are what she usually enjoys most and she walks slowly, pauses in front of each window, stops longer in front of the black leopard. He is her favorite. But today his unblinking, gold eyes and the lazy twitch of the tip of his tail, are blurred by the reflection of the man at her side. The girl tries to look through the spectral face but she sees the strained pseudo-tolerant smile. Finally, as she knew it would, the face speaks. When is she going to outgrow this- -the face wants to know- -this trying to stare down the leopard?

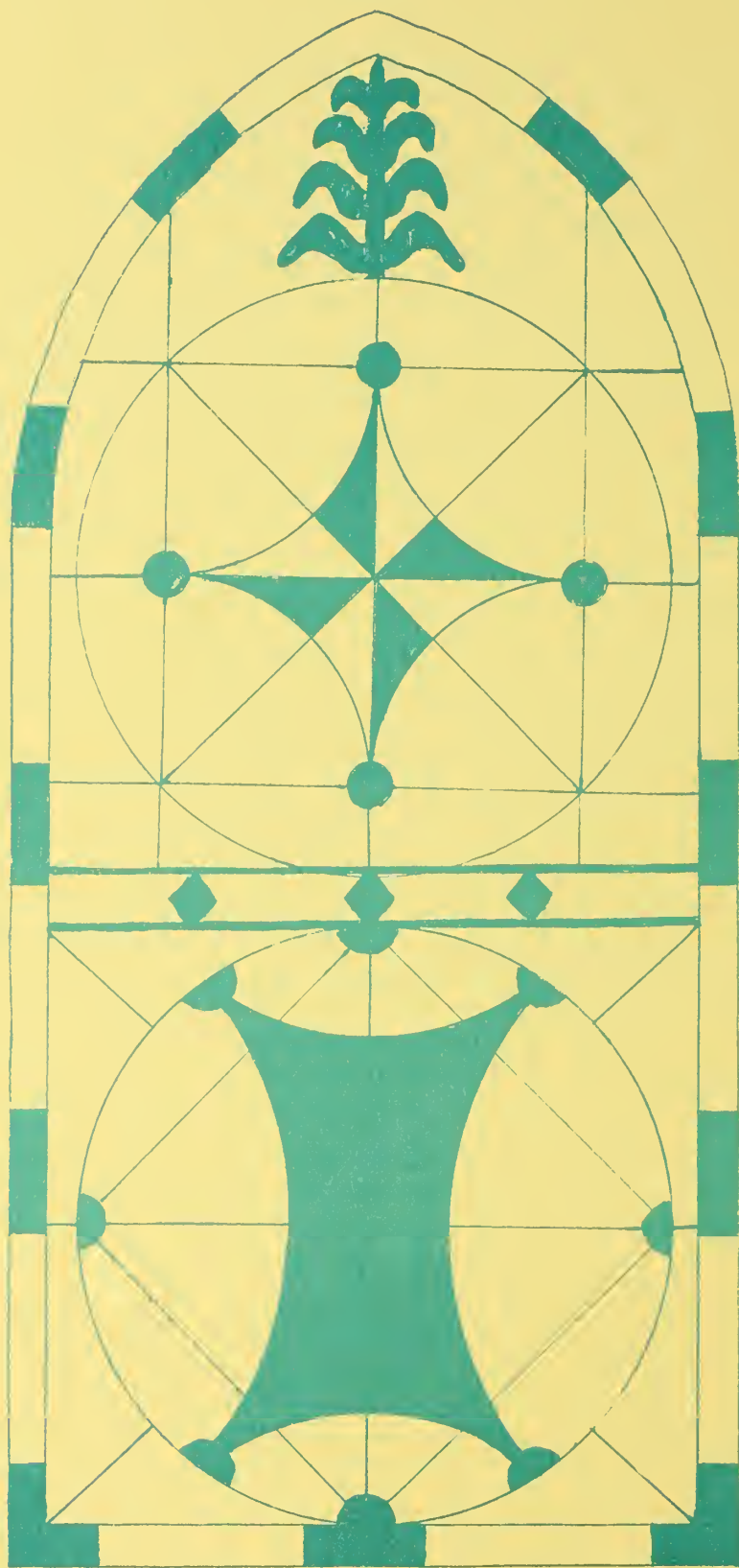
She hates him with a trembling fury. It is plain in her eyes and he is too startled to follow as she walks back out the way they came in. Her legs move so stiffly she is afraid her knees will lock, sending her toppling forward to the ground. But they don't and she doesn't. She sits on the bench just outside, in front of the cougar's cage.

He calls her once. She doesn't think a man like him will call a second time.

She's counting on that, counting on his leaving the mall by the other exit. For if he comes out this way she will have to ask him for what he's taken and even if he knew what it was, he wouldn't give it back--or couldn't. And she would have to go with him.

Besides, he has warm, brown freckles on his back and he likes to bury his face in her hair. Now her legs and arms feel limp and shaky. She pulls her knees up under her chin, wraps her arms tightly around them, trying to still the tremors and to hide her nakedness: And she waits.

Connie Stearman



The Monk

One window was all he had
And constantly was he reminded
That staring out of a window
Was idleness and temptation.

One raiment was all he had
And constantly was he reminded
That a man of poverty
Was spiritually uplifted.

Once he had time to think
Of the unfortunate ones outside
And, to avoid pity for them or
For himself, he never took time again.

Days melted into continuous time
And transcript after transcript passed
Under his agile quill until nothing
Warmed his head but a skull cap.

Many words this mortal wrote,
And many prayers his blank mind spoke
But no words, no marks, no names
Are seen upon his resting place
Except a cross provided by the elders
And seven strange stones washed there
By the spring rains which some say
Give the warning "Tread not this way."

Carolyn V. Smith

On a
blade of
grass (an
ant't causeway between
realities)

WAITING
BESIDE THE JEEP THAT
BROUGHT US THERE IN A
BLAST OF NOISE AND MUD --

drifting (accompanied
by herself) through a

WADING THROUGH
THE SWAMP AND INTO
THE JUNGLE WHERE
THE CHOPPER MARKED
THE CRASH --

midday morning
daydream

AND INTO THE BRIARS
AND TREES
AND VINES
AND THROUGH THE
CHEST-DEEP WATER WITH
MY MED BAGS HELD OVER MY
HEAD --

debating between
green
or blue (to
match her eyes)

STEPPING OVER
ABANDONED,
FLOATING LOGS AND
SEEING A
LITTER BEARER STANDING BY
WITH A FLARE -- ASKING
IF THERE ARE ANY
SURVIVORS --

retracing
her steps around
a flower
 scandalized at
her passage

THE EXPRESSION ON WHAT'S LEFT OF A WOMAN'S HALF-A-FACE OF KNOWING WHAT'S
COMING AND THE PILOT WHO TRIED TO CRAWL AWAY WITH ONLY PARTS OF WHAT
WAS ONCE HIS BODY AND FINALLY TRIED TO PUT HIS ARM AROUND WHAT'S LEFT OF
WHAT WAS ONCE HIS WIFE; THE PASSENGERS -- ONE LOST HIS HEAD, HIS LEGS --
AND WHAT WE THOUGHT AT FIRST WAS A CHILD STUCK UNDER THE WING WITH A
MANGLED BODY AND WAS INSTEAD, WHEN WE LIFTED THE WING, A MANGLED HEAD
WITH EYES DANGLING LOOSE AND ALMOST NO SKIN AND NOTHING ELSE --

and wondering
 which
 cologne
to wear



A Summer Of Grass

It was a summer of grass, hot, and heavy-smelling sweet. And we picked wild blackberries, Gary and I, in the field across the ditch behind our houses where the bushes drooped low with the ripe weight. We picked them by the bucket and sold them for fifty cents a gallon at the houses up and down our street. From the blackberry patch I could glimpse my backyard. My mother was often working in her flower beds and on Saturdays my father was there, mixing concrete, pouring it, leveling it. I've thought since that my father probably knew the patio would never be finished. But there are times, I've learned, when the things one does seem completely unrelated to the problem and maybe that was all they knew how to do--my father adding his different-colored geometric shapes, my mother compulsively buying more bedding plants to fill out every bare space in her flower beds.

But that summer I had the heady smells of the grasses and the berries in my nostrils and the strange tingling of Gary's nearness in my body. I didn't notice the lengthening silences in our house, and though Julie sometimes cried at night. If I asked what was wrong, she'd hiss, "Go to sleep." So I would, eventually, and I'd wake to the new morning of hot, early sunshine, eager to go outside. It was a summer of grass, a summer of outdoors. And I was busy with my own feelings. I was in love with Gary.

Gary had warm olive skin and eyes that were deep black and seemed, unlike most dark eyes, always to be smiling. When the blackberries were all picked, we would ride our bikes up and down the street, or, if his mother would let our dirty bare feet into her house, we'd go in to sit at the table in the dining room. The drapes were always drawn against the heat and it was cool and dim and Gary would spread out the rattly boxes and trays--his rock collection--on the table. I could feel his breath on my neck as he leaned over my shoulder and I would grow all weak like I might slide off my chair and land in a limp heap under the table.

Sometimes we would cross the ditch to where the grasses grew so high you could lay down and no one could see you at all. We would lie there in the afternoon shade of a big maple before dinner time and Gary would have his arm under my neck, pretending it had fallen there by accident before I lay down.

I don't know what we talked about. We giggled and chewed on the stems of the waving grasses. And if we lay very still, the grasshoppers would hop onto us and over and away. One day Gary let his hand fall, his fingers brush over the swelling buds of my breasts. He was talking, his face turned away, but I knew he felt something like my mysterious longing, for after the first furtive touch it happened again.

Summer was creeping by at a drugged pace and it was eternity before school would begin again. Julie was sticking close to the house, which was fine with me, for she was getting bossier all the time and acting more strangely. When Mother left for groceries one day after lunch, Julie asked me to help her make a chocolate cake for Dad. That's still his favorite kind. But that day I grumbled until Julie, raging, threw the cake pans across the kitchen and stomped up the stairs to our bedroom. I cleaned up our lunch dishes and put the cake pans on the counter before I went out again. But there was no cake for dinner. And Julie cried again in bed.

It wasn't long after that that we had three days of rain. On the second day, tired of sitting in the house, I went out onto the front porch. Pretty soon Gary came dashing over from his house. We sat together watching the rain fall in sheets from the eaves, and his arm was around my shoulders, dampening my polo shirt.

"When are you moving?" he said.

I looked at him as if he were crazy. "I'm not moving."

"My Mom told my Dad your folks are getting a divorce and you're going away."

It seems to me still that the rain should have stopped suddenly, or a bottomless hole should have appeared in the front yard. But the only thing that happened was my insides crawled all around and settled in all the wrong places.

"What kind of a dumb thing is that to say?"

"Mom said."

I waited a respectable time and then told him I had to go in. I spent the rest of the afternoon in my bedroom. Mother and Julie were in the kitchen downstairs and there was laughter now and then. So it couldn't be true, could it? But I stayed in there anyway until dinner time.

Dinner was quiet and polite but most of my food lodged midway to my stomach. For the first time, listening, I heard the emptiness, heard my parents calling each other Iris and Bill. I helped Julie with the dishes and went to bed. It was much too early to sleep and I lay there hearing the rain slow and stop. And I waited.

Julie came in and got into her pajamas. She was brushing her hair at the dressing table when Mother came in. She walked around my bed to where I lay facing the window. She sat beside me, touched my hair.

"I have to talk to you."

I didn't want her to talk and I stared at the curtains. Blue daisies on a white background, big, cheerful, blue daisies with yellow centers. If I close my eyes now, I see those curtains and the way they billowed just slightly in the breeze coming in the open window.

Mother's voice was soft but I couldn't shut it out and the words felt like physical blows. After, for a while, she sat there not talking, holding one of my limp hands in both of hers.

The crickets started up outside and the springs of the other bed squeaked as Julie climbed in. Then Daddy came. I couldn't take my eyes away from the curtains, even when he asked, so he knelt down. Then it was his face I saw and I don't remember his words but I remember his face and how he took the corner of my sheet to wipe away a tear that rolled sideways down my face.

Mother and Dad kissed me, taking turns, stepping carefully around each other. I felt sorry for them being drawn together, probably unwillingly, for this one last thing. Besides that, I was empty. It was long after they put out the light and left the room that I really began crying. The sound of it was horrible.

Julie's bare feet slapped across the floor. She grabbed my shoulders and shook me. "Don't let them hear! Don't let them hear!"

But I couldn't stop, so Julie pushed me over and crawled into bed with me. She covered both our heads with my pillow and kept saying, "Don't cry like that." But Julie was crying too. Finally I was quiet and she said, "They've both been miserable. It's the best thing."

"I know." But I didn't know. Julie was fifteen. Maybe that's the magical age when you know. "It's for the best," she said.

"I know."

Julie slept with me that night. Late, very late, she whispered, "I saw it coming. I wish you had."

That fall when Julie and I started back to school, we were in another town, where my grandparents lived. It was a long time before I stopped hating Gary, years longer before I understood how mother could have told a neighbor before me.

And more years.

Tonight my husband and I sat watching television, with a tautness between us, the strain that comes sometimes of no clear cause. One of the boys coughed in his sleep. Davey. He's coming down with a summer cold. I went to each of our three sons and straightened the sheets they'd kicked off. Then to the kitchen to my recipe box. While the coffee cake was baking I sat at the table, sewing on a button and stitching up the torn pocket of one of my husband's favorite shirts. It's been three weeks at least in my sewing basket.

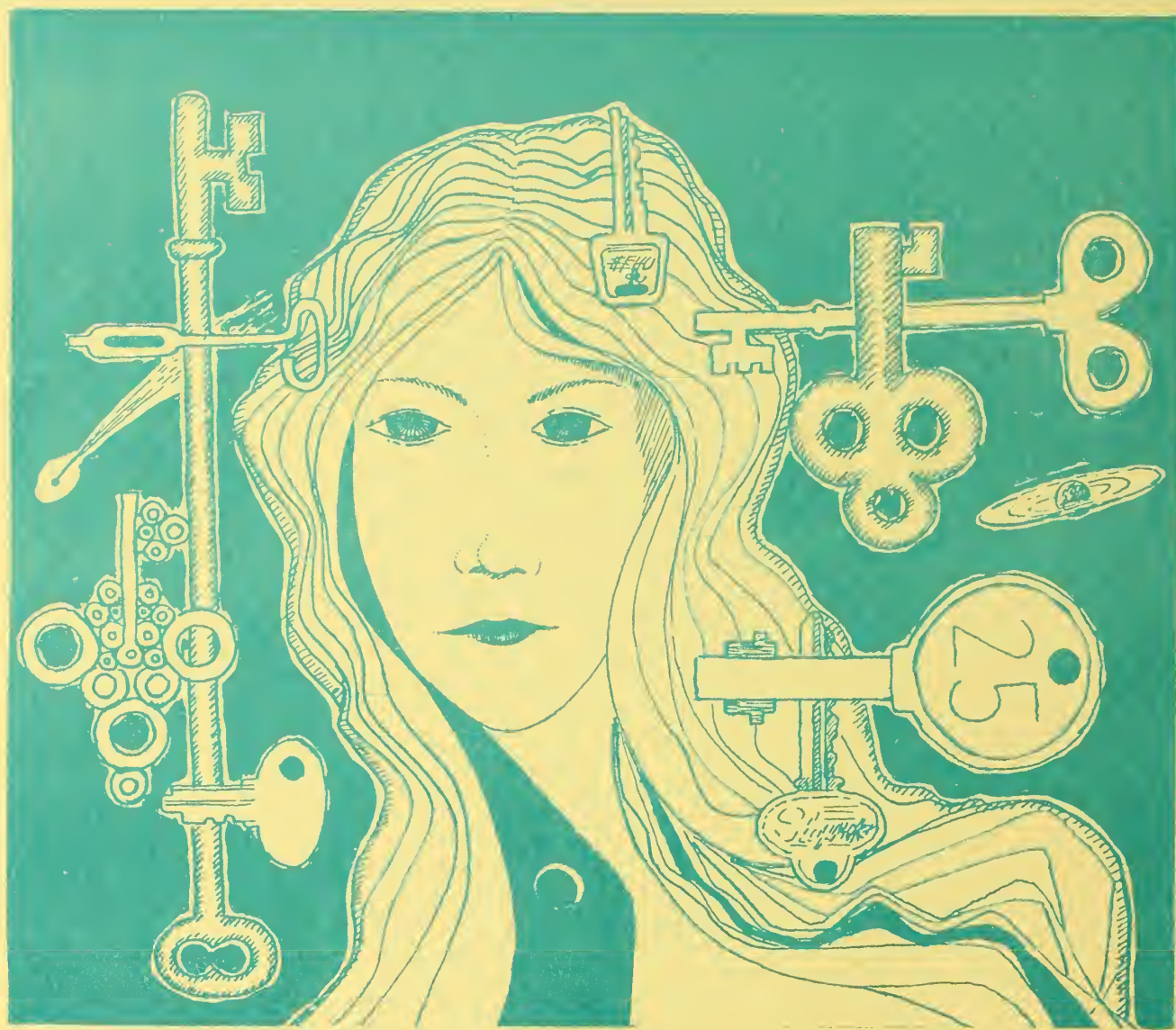
My husband comes from a big, sprawling clan of happy marriages. But with me its always the memories of the daisy curtains and my father's face and my mother holding my hand.

When the television program ended, I cut the cake and poured coffee. My husband, coming into the kitchen, said, "Hey, great!" Then, "What's the occasion?"

I smiled. I had that little jab coming.

The tension was gone. I think it's often all in my head anyway. The kitchen was too hot after having the oven on so we took our coffee and cake into the living room. He turned off the TV and we ate and talked. Then we sat holding hands, quiet, listening to the crickets outside the open front door, celebrating summer.

Connie Stearman



Wispering Wizard

I keep hoping some secret voice
Will explain to me the purpose,
Bring me from this cell
And set me on my way. . .

Can your mind comprehend yourself
Being a part of a part of a part?
Could this entire universe be a
Cell within a cell within a cell?
A molecule within a molecule
Within a test tube on a shelf?

OR

A molecule floating through the
Infinite space of a molecule within
A cell within a molecule?

Are we a part of a part of a part. . .
Of something that is a part of a part. . .
Of something?

Are we a figment of our own imagination
Limited by our own mind?
Are we real?
Or do we dream our lives?

I want to be set free
I want to explore
I am striving for the key.
The key that opens the door.

Jack White

MY EPITAPH SHOULD READ "WHEREVER HE WENT, INCLUDING HERE, IT WAS AGAINST HIS BETTER JUDGMENT," WITH AN APOLOGY TO DOROTHY PARKER, AN APOLOGY TO MY APOLOGY, AN APOLOGY TO MY GPR. . . ABOVE ALL, AN APOLOGY TO MY POOR GPR (Wherein we find the Student caught between a rock and a hard place concerning a course that he didn't want to take at a school he didn't want to attend, all for reasons totally and completely beyond his ability to understand and/or comprehend.)

I should never have taken this course.

All right, Socrates, how long did it take you to figure that out?

The first day, when the man said, "Ve vill haf TERM PAPER (underlined twice in red. Or with, perhaps, fiery letters in the sky), "I should have gone to the Registrar and dropped the course. But oh, no, not good old half-wit me. There were courses open, but I have to pick this one. I could have taken something that wouldn't have given me a hernia of the brain, but this, this is designed and guarenteed to give no less than a nervous breakdown and nothing short of an epidural hematoma.

The theatre course was still open and, even though I can't act, that would have been better than this—surrounded by stacks, no, reams, entire reams of paper—blank, clean paper sitting there doing nothing.

Enough of this moaning!

Considering my grade, perhaps there's too little moaning.

Not only do I have a term paper to write, I ended up in a class with a bunch of real winners. Mrs. John J. Name-dropper, for example. We're supposed to be dismissed at 11:00, but at five 'til, the man asks if there are any questions (why always at the end?) and she always asks questions that would give any decent, God-fearing professor, including this one, a case, usually premature but, nonetheless real, of the screaming meemies: "Doctor, why is that when the Franistans was garpled by the Garumphies," sounds like we're taking a course in target-throwing, Caine style, "the unusually large kranisbotham didn't attract as much attention as it would have otherwise?" The poor prof tries to start an answer when he is, without fail, interrupted by the rest of Frau Motor-mouth's question, "If the snarks weren't present as der Fueher's body guards, wouldn't that have attracted sufficiently large a crowd to prevent the withdrawal of the group?" Again, the Valliant Prof. tries to open his mouth and is immediately silenced. "My cousin--the colonel, not the consul in Lower Eastern Upper Spodwick-cum-Spode--said that the usual treatment of such an occurence would normally preclude any type of action by a group trying to overthrow the established anruei and give the poiuyt an asefrtg effect." The professor, never one to use that great American sign, the Shrug-of-Shoulders, answers with a description condensed into one German expletive, thirty-two letters long and sounding like a one a.m. free-for-all in Kelly's Bar and Grill (Ladies invited) and an explanation, too long for reproduction here, of the cultural content of a statement of some philosopher (Nietzsche, I believe) with absolutely no bearing whatsoever on the subject at hand. Satisfied with this bit of mumbo-jumbo, she asks three more- -God help us- -questions of a duration surpassing the first and, by the time we crawl into the canteen, everyone has an extreme case of mental fatigue and mayhem on his mentally fatigued mind.

This term paper, though, is gonna be a goodie. We tried to get him to let us out of it ("I might be convinced." "Is fifty dollars enough???") but to no avail. I can't pay anyone else to do it (mainly because I don't have any money). I can't not do it ("F's" on a grade sheet don't look too nice).

As an infant, milk sustained me through many a trying time. Perhaps now would be as good a time as any to indulge in Mother's Milk once more; especially the kind that's two-hundred proof and habit forming.

T. J.

FRIDAY NIGHT AT THE FIGHTS (In which discussion we find that while the Rational Mind may have the final say, the Ego may garble transmission somewhat. . .)

I know I should ask her, but she probably already has a date.

SO WHAT CAN SHE DO IF YOU ASK HER, SEND YOU TO 'NAM?
ALL SHE CAN DO IS SAY NO.

Yeah, but. . .

BUT?

Well, I can hear her answer now, short and sweet: NO.
She's probably already got a date. Look at all the guys who hang around her all the time. Why should she pick me?

WHY NOT?

One, I hardly know her. Two, I can't come out with lines the way those guys who do hang around her can. Three, there are more of them than there are of me. Four, Casanova I'm not.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT. . .

And on top of all this she would probably want to go to some very e*x*p*e*n*s*i*v*e place for dinner and not touch her food after the. . .

NOW YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO WEASEL OUT OF. . .

I'm not trying to weasel out of anything. All I'm trying to say is that. . .

YOU'RE SCARED.

OK, loudmouth, I'm going to walk up to her -- right now -- and. . .
and. . .and you're right. I'm scared.

AFTER ALL, HOW DO YOU KNOW SHE DOESN'T WANT YOU TO ASK HER?
HAS SHE GIVEN ANY INDICATION TO THAT EFFECT?

Yeah, but like I say, Casanova, I'm not and. . .

REMEMBER DIANE? AND CECILIA? AND LYNDA? AND RANDIE? AND LAURA? AND JEAN? AND LYNN? AND. . .

I know, but they were different and. . .

AND BALONEY. A GIRL IS A GIRL IS A GIRL. GERTRUDE STEIN IT MAY NOT BE, BUT IT'S TRUE. HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT SHE'S NOT THINKING THE SAME THING ABOUT YOU?

But. . .

"Hi."

"HIPATWHATAREYOU DOINGFRIDAYNIGHTI'LLPICKYOUUPATSEVEN!"

"OK."

WELL DONE, JACKASS.

Thank you.

T. J.



Gail Morgan

Heritage

I got the news this morning
But I know that there are those among
Us who have lost
And have been the losers for three-hundred years
Now, here comes on old-country emigrant
Seeking to make his fortune in the land of opportunity
Who will give us satisfaction
Satisfaction demanded for injustices suffered
Injustices suffered by those
Who came before us
Those who struggled under your burdens
Worked in your fields
Cared for your children
Who among you will take up a black man's burden
Senegal, home of my roots
But the tree had been torn up from its native soil
And I am born American
And know no other home
I am too far removed from the womb of my forefathers
From its traditions and its languages
From its people
And its code
I can only sit in reverence of heritage
And try to revive all that has been lost
For I myself am lost among the outcasts.

Michael Rivers

Juballa

Demigod of Afro-Indian mixture
Uncorrupted by the pleasures of the flesh
Quiet as the mist rising from the bayou
In silence
You gather the ingredients for your root-medicine
Patron of Voodoo
Traces Erzulie's veve with corn flour
Possesses with the spirit
Showing the signs of mourning
Grieving for all that is needed
They say you are big hoodoo
They say your magic is worked in
The depths of the cypress swamp
They say you look upon night with
The eyes of the black cat
Juballa speaks not a word as he
Paddles his flatboat through the bayou.

Michael Rivers

I have decided
to stop
and look
and stay a while.
To drop
my anchor
into the harbor
of your heart.
For I have long
been on rough seas
and need a place
of quiet and calm.
A peaceful harbor
with a swaying palm,
you are.
You are the heaven
I have been "dying"
to reach.
I hope you are
not beyond my reach.
For I grasp
to clasp
you to me,
Sojourn
I return
Sojourn



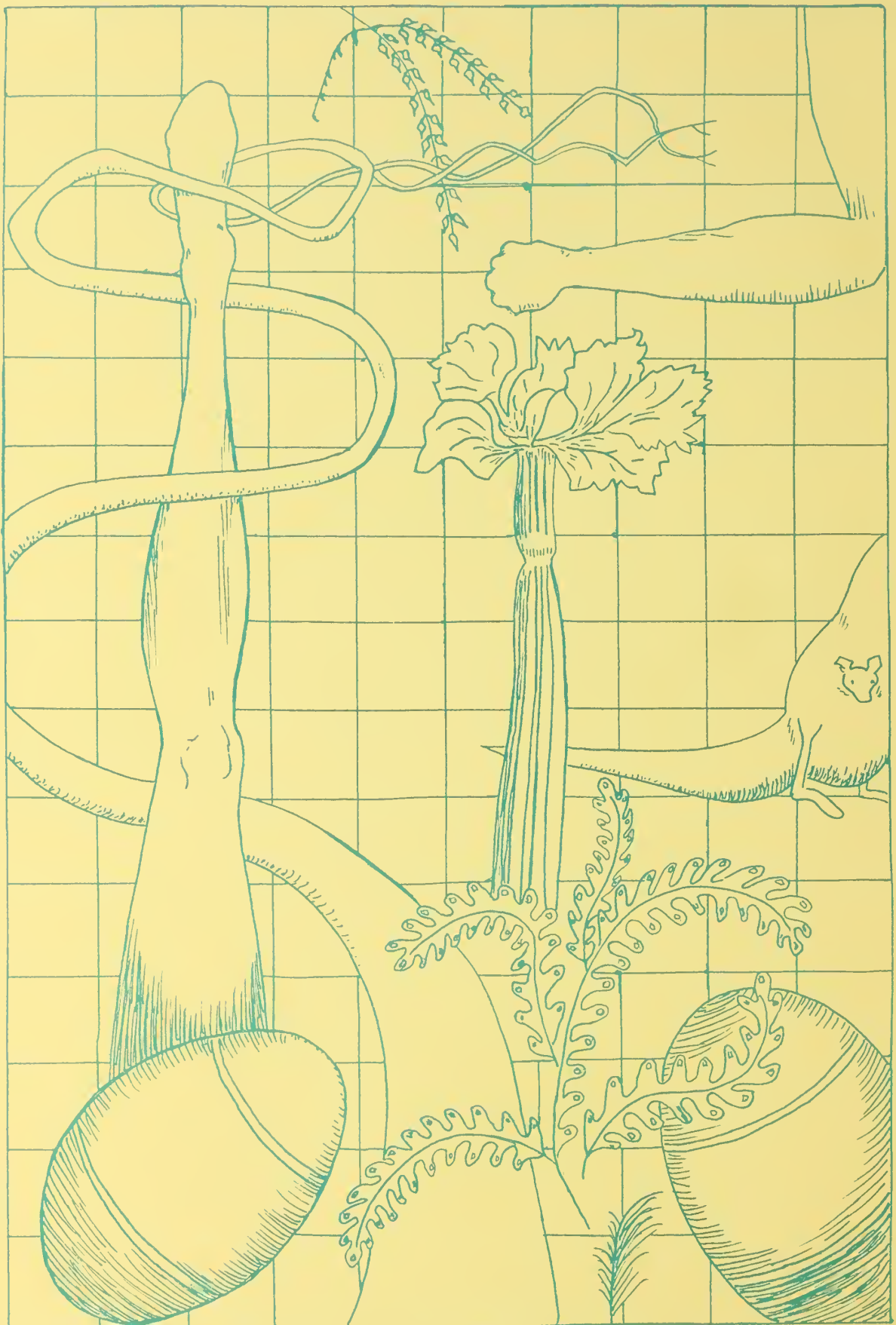
The Races

In many colors and hues
mankind does come,
for the Lord is a lover
of variety.
No dull Maker is He,
but a merry Maker
Who loves a colorful pageant
of
black and white
yellow and brown
and red.

God intended mankind
to be a multi-colored
stained glass window
through which would shine
sunlight divine
throughout the Church Universal.

But mankind rebelled
listening to the Voice
of Evil
and established human
bondage and discrimination
creating the discord among
brothers.

Philip Gorges



Never before
nor ever again
will there be
such a day as this:
for this is the
day that Blather McKay
hath captured
a Ring-tailed Kadiss.

The Kadiss
a marvelous beastie
is he with large
and sinewy hands,
nine arms and
six legs and
hatched from two eggs
kept together by
twelve rubber bands.

They set out a-hunting
with six yards of bunting
and twelve aging bottles of glue,
two butterfly nets,
a badminton set,
and a baby female kangaroo.

They found him asleep
in the woods dark and deep;
they got out their butterfly nets. . .
they crept (soft as lead)
to the top of his head

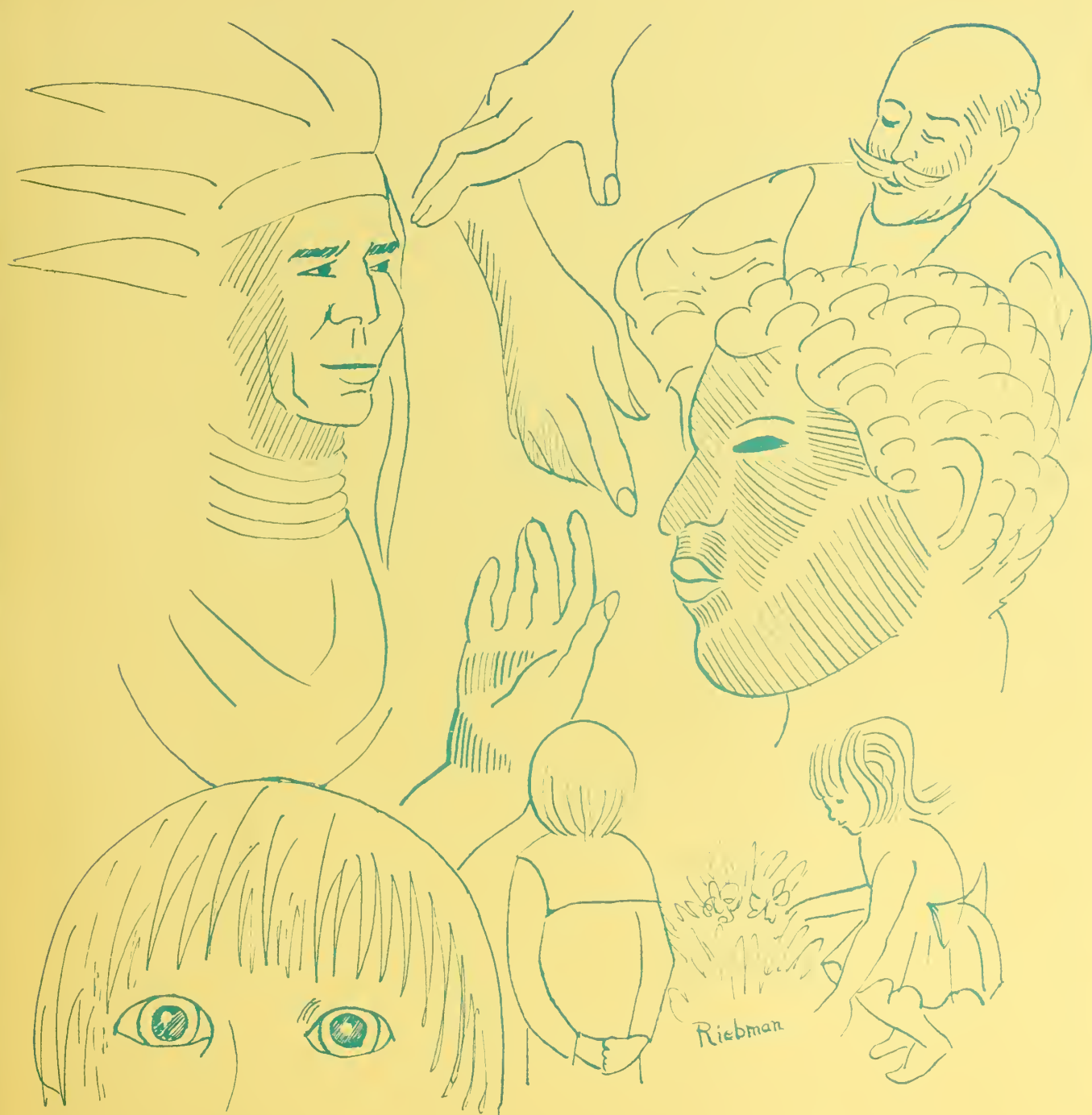
And they beat him senseless with a celery stalk.

T. J.

Faces

The smiling-happy faces of
Children at play
The weather worn face of a
Greek fisherman has seen
Endless days at sea
The aged face of a grandmother
Reflects warmth and love
The curious dark faces
Of African children seeking knowledge
Everyone knows for himself
What they see in their mother's face
The face of an old Navajo chief
Tells of days before reservations
The face of a gypsy foretells of
Timeless roaming and scorn
In the faces of youth can be found
visions of peace, freedom, equality
And mystic brotherhood
Faces are special.

Michael Rivers



We would like to extend our deep appreciation to Mr. Joseph Ward and his drawing class for their cooperation in producing this issue of the SEFER.

Illustrations by: Billy Johnson, Becky Colvin, Gale L. Copeland, Gail Morgan, Madeline L. Kornahrens, Elise Colvin, Faye Riebman.

Photograph by: Jerry Swindell

CHARLESTON SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY



0 1965 0125921 8



